

## God's Gonna Cut You Down

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## God's Gonna Cut You Down

by [dnfsinner](#)

### Summary

“Who’s your god?” Dream growls, gliding a hand up George’s back, threading his fingers in brown locks. “Who do you fucking worship?”

George sputters, gripping the back of the church pew. “You—fuck—I worship you.”

“Good.” Dream’s hand turns mean, and he forces George to look at the statue of Jesus. “Now let me hear how you moan for your god’s cock, you fucking slut.”

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Or, Dream fucks George in Church.

### Notes

hi :)

i've been speedrunning fics lately. this one isn't betaed but i still hope you enjoy :)

i wrote the ending before the beginning so i'm sorry if there are inconsistencies.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream has always craved control.

Perhaps it's sickening for anyone else to think about—the thought of bruised skin, hot-red and flamed with mulberry black. The thought of hot tears caressing cherry-freckled cheeks, the thought of his hands turning into someone's skin, pressing down hard enough to leave divots in the shape of his fingertips, the thought of someone's face scarlet with the imprint of his hand. It would be sickening, but all of it makes Dream itch with a sadistic need for control and corruption.

And George—the pretty boy from his mother's church with the fairest of ivory skin that he only knows the name of—makes Dream chase paper-green bags.

George is one of the few people who are too nice for their own good, but that's what Dream likes most about him. And if it weren't for the innocence that envelopes his entire being, blanketing him with security from the real world, then Dream wouldn't have batted an eye to him.

It's Dream's primal need for control over every aspect of George's life that draws him inside the doors of the Church every Sunday morning. When his mom asks why he's been showing up more—knowing that her son isn't one for religious themes—Dream only tells her that he wants to spend more time with her. She's skeptical at first but seems to believe him anyway.

And so Dream watches George from afar for weeks. He admires the way George's eyes go wide when someone calls out his name, admires the way George's cheeks flush red at the slightest mention of his pretty features. It strikes something possessive in the caverns of his ribcage—Dream wants to make him blush like that, wants to be the one that makes that beautiful tint of pink to caress the bridge of George's nose.

The prudent jealousy is enough to have Dream turning his nails into the wood of the Church pew as he glares daggers into the back of whoever it is that complemented George; he'd kill them. George is his, even if Dream is the only one who knows that at this point and time.

He fixes a calloused gaze to George, mouth twitching to a smirk as he finds the pretty boy staring back at him, eyes blown in gentle curiosity. Dream darts his tongue out to wet his lips, looking down at his hands that have slightly relented against the wood before peering back over with an ebony tension behind his eyes. It's almost a competition to see who will lose eye contact first. George snaps his head back to the front of the Church, focusing a little too hard on the preacher's figure with pathetic intention, Dream ultimately winning their little game.

For the rest of the sermon, Dream can see how George shifts with uncomfortable movements in his pew. It makes him smile victoriously, biting back a small chuckle as he turns his attention to his phone.

He *will* make it a priority to have that pretty boy underneath him, moaning like a wreck, no matter how long it'll take him. And even if no words were said, there's a suffocating tension that's thick in the air between them that Dream notices immediately; he's felt it before—the secret desire.

Dream *wants* to be George's God, wants to replace the methodical creature he believes in until his mind is broken and raptured and he's dependent on Dream—until the only thing being known is

the slip of Dream's name on his tongue. He wants to bruise George's pretty skin with purple splotches that will hurt for weeks and dominate his life in every aspect of the world.

The sermon is over before Dream knows it.

"Clay, honey?" the sweet melody of his mother's voice has Dream's attention spiked. "I'd like for you to meet the Davidson family before you leave, okay?"

Dream glances over to the pew George is in, though his eyes land on an empty seat. "Yeah, sure."

His mom smiles expectantly, grabbing onto his forearm, and leads him through a plethora of chattering people. Dream lets himself be dragged, frankly not caring around meeting whoever the fuck his mother wants him to. That is, until his eyes land on a familiar boy tapping away on his phone— *what a coincidence*.

Now Dream's interested.

Dream is introduced to the family, though he isn't paying attention, gaze fixated on George, who seems to haven't noticed him yet. George is so much smaller when he's up close and personal, shorter, too, and it makes Dream's fantasies run wild; he could hurt George so, so easily, bruise him, mark him red.

It's so fucking enticing to think about.

"I'm Dream," he murks out, fighting the urge to smile cockily when George's head snaps up from his phone.

Pink specks of dust sprawl across George's cheeks as his lips part to say something, but they immediately fall shut again. It's a sight Dream loves to be a witness to, loves how George swallows thickly, Adams' apple bobbing in his throat as Dream's eyes pierce through his soul.

The boy extends a nervous hand. "I'm G-George." *Fuck, that accent.*

"Nice to meet you, George." Dream hums and slips his palm into the other's smaller one with ease, ebony gaze never faltering.

"You, too—"

George cuts off with a gasp as Dream squeezes his hand with rough purpose, breath just barely on hitching the edge of a whimper; Dream's testing out the waters. The apparent blush on his face deepens a darker red as Dream scoffs with a mocking sound that only George can hear. *Interesting.*

George tries to pull his hand from the harsh grip, but Dream doesn't relent, clenching once again just to see the pain that laves over George's face in the most beautiful way. Dream can almost hear the gears turning in George's head with confusion as he tries again.

"Please let me go," he whispers low enough for nobody else to hear, and Dream does.

Dream finds out George is three years older than him that day—twenty-four to be exact. He makes conversation with Mrs. Davidson, holding back the urge to laugh at the way George has dissociated himself from the conversation, seeming caught up in his mind as his hand runs over where Dream had pressed down so brutally.

Before he leaves, Dream asks George for his number, to which he hesitantly agrees. And for a few Sundays, no words are ever said, but a few texts are sent. For example, during sermons, Dream will

text George and comment on how pretty or petite he looks just to see how he blushes with embarrassment and fights the urge to turn his way. Or sometimes, Dream will text out small fantasies about wanting to curl his hands around George's neck late at night and when he can't see the boy's face.

George never answers him. That is, until today.

*Stay after the ceremony.*

George looks confused for a moment before tapping out a reply.

*But we have lunch after. I have to help.*

Dream huffs, rolling his eyes.

*I don't care, Georgie. Stay after. I wanna talk to you :(*

Dream sees him click his phone off, and before he can type out another text, George gives him a thumbs up, telling him that he would do as Dream asked. When the sermon ends, George never moves from his seat, tells his mother that he'll catch up with them later before busying himself with his phone. And then, everyone moves into the dining hall.

The tension is thick; they're the only two left in the ceremony hall. Dream is relishing in the moment, stalking his way over to where George sits in his pew, staring down at the black screen of his phone.

"Hi, Georgie," Dream hums, a sadistic twinge lacing in the back of his throat.

Dream slides into the pew, sitting down with a sick grin on his face, his knees knocking against George's from the suffocating proximity. He wants to laugh at the way George flinches, scooting away to create a few inches of space between them. *As if that would do anything.*

"Do I scare you?" Dream questions. George shakes his head slowly, turning his phone over to rest on the top of his thigh. "Are you sure?"

"Y-Yeah...." There's a beat of silence. "Why'd you ask me to stay behind?" his voice is small, "I should be helping with the food. Not sitting here, with you."

Dream tuts. "Do you not like me?"

"You intimidate me."

"Oh," Dream grins, "so I *do* scare you."

"No, you don't." George finally locks his eyes with Dream; pupils dilated, black swallowing the natural hazel. "Being scared and being intimidated are two different things."

"Then tell me," Dream smirks, "how do I intimidate you."

George drags his eyes down Dream's face, his neck, thighs, and then back up again. Dream's expression holds a cocky facade, almost like he knows exactly what George thinks. Almost like knows every single wanton desire that speckles across George's mind—mind that is newly corrupted by the thrilling thoughts of *Dream*.

"If I tell you," he whispers, "you'll use it against me."

Dream cocks his head. “You don’t know that.”

“Yeah, I do.”

“How.”

“It’s just the way you are, Clay.” George pokes his tongue out, wetting dry lips with his spit. “You crawl your way under my skin and tear me apart piece by piece,” a pause, “it’s like you want to figure out exactly what makes me vulnerable.”

The confession sparks another sadistic flame in Dream’s veins. He props his elbow up on the back of the pew, drawing little circles at the soft skin of George’s arm, loving how he shivers from the tickling touches.

“And is it working?” Dream asks, ebony gaze burning with dark fire. “Am I making you vulnerable?”

“You do more than just that.” George stutters out a breath, “You’re all I can think about lately, and it makes me so *frustrated* because you won’t leave my mind.”

“Yeah?” Dream scratches his nail against the skin, creating a minor abrasion in the epidermis that’ll go away in seconds. “Tell me what you think about.”

George looks down as he speaks. “Your hands.”

“What about them?”

“They’re so big and....strong.” George flickers his gaze to the hand that isn’t busy ghosting along his arm. “When you introduced yourself, I couldn’t stop thinking about how *strong* you were.”

Dream chuckles expectantly, encouraging George to continue.

“And it’s the way you look at me,” George looks Dream in the eye again. “There’s this darkness behind your eyes like you’re thinking of ways to hurt me.”

“Do you want me to?” Dream asks with a soft lilt of his words, “Hurt you, I mean.”

“I’ve thought about it,” George hums, face flushing pink in embarrassment. “I uh, looked up a few things as well.”

“Did you see anything you liked?”

George licks his lips, swallowing thick and heavy. “C-Choking, slapping, spit-spitting....” he trails off.

The words feel wrong—sinful—as they slip from his tongue into the open air of the Church, settling with an embarrassing ring. George is reminded of the things he saw on that website, reminded of a girl who had been treated like a toy to be used and played with until she became boring. He’s reminded of how the man in the video slapped her face and spit on the bridge of her nose before calling her a vulgar name. George is also reminded of how he couldn’t stop thinking about Dream the entire time.

“And did you do anything to yourself?” Dream says the words so *casually*.

George nods.

Without warning, Dream is pulling George into his lap, a soft gasp ghosting from his lips at how easily Dream can manhandle him.

“Dream—”

George is cut off as Dream slots their mouths together, his body instantly lulling into the sudden kiss. Dream tangles his fingers in brown locks, pressing George harder against his lips, biting at them in a way that makes George writhe, whining out as Dream curls their tongues together.

It’s flashing white-hot. Dream doesn’t build up the intensity of it, instead just diving straight in, carving his name out with neat little strokes of his tongue in the back of George’s throat. It’s on the edge of red-hot possessiveness.

George glides his hands up to Dream’s shoulders for balance, just barely tilting his head to the side to allow for a better angle for Dream’s unrelenting lips to take advantage of him. A pathetic whine flows from the hollow of his throat, Dream’s mouth swallowing it before it could become too echoed within the thin walls of the Church.

“Dream,” George gasps, “w-we’re in Church.”

“Good,” Dream rolls his hips expectantly, “I want everyone to hear how the perfect George Davidson falls apart under my touch.”

Then, their lips connect again.

The feeling of it all—the riskiness of being caught—shakes George’s world to the core. The pure words of *we shouldn’t be doing this here* reverberate through his bones, but they’re quickly replaced with the sweet words of Dream’s name.

George fists the fabric of the other’s shirt, hips rolling in time with Dream’s. The drag of their straining cocks in the confinements of their jeans is almost as intoxicating as Dream’s mouth, and it makes George moan a beautiful melody. Dream’s hand falls from his hair, dipping underneath the hem of George’s polo that hangs loosely on his body.

Dream’s hands feel cold as ice against the warm flush of George’s skin, digging into the bone of his hips to assist George with his movements. And that’s when George loses his filter.

“*Fuck*,” he curses with a violent whimper. Dream’s experienced mouth muffles the noise. “I love the way you kiss me.”

Dream hums, smokey and low from the back of his throat. He presses open-mouthed kisses down the expanse of George’s jaw to his neck, the pads of his fingers brutally seizing into the curve of George’s hips; there’s something about making someone who never curses moan out such obscene words. It has Dream reeling with pride—he feels like the only god George should be worshiping is him.

Dream trails his tongue over George’s neck, sucking and pulling at the skin with sharp ivory teeth until blemishes litter beautifully across the expanse of his throat. George has to stifle his whines as Dream bites down against his flesh with a harshness that makes him convulse, and all he wants is more; George wants to be absolutely covered with Dream’s marks, wants to remember the night Dream had ruined him in front of god.

There are more hickeys than Dream could count, and that’s enough to satisfy him.

“As much as I would love for your pretty lips to be wrapped around my cock,” Dream whispers,

pushing George off his lap, “I’d rather fuck you in front of your God so he can see how much of a whore you are.”

George eagerly leans over the pew, pushing his ass back against Dream’s body. It’s a tight fit, but they manage.

Dream massages George’s clothed ass, whispering soft praises of how pretty George looks, leaned over the pew like a slut for him before he pulls George’s jeans and underwear down to pool around smooth thighs.

His hand pulls at the flesh, soft and pliable, as he admires the way George’s hole looks pretty and perfect, and he can’t help himself from thinking about how *tight* George will be stretched around him.

Dream lightly taps his hand against George’s ass three times, rubbing soothing circles into the skin that has George whimpering before reeling back. The smack of his palm rings out against the walls of the Church, though a masochistic moan drowns it out. George bites down on his hand to muffle the cry, pushing back against Dream’s hand as if he’s asking him to *please do it again*. Dream smirks, the more sadistic part of him thriving from George’s pain.

He smacks his ass again, and again, and again until it’s red with the imprint of Dream’s hand, and there’s tears prickling at the corners of George’s eyes from the velocity.

George’s thighs are shaking, his cock is dripping precum onto the floor of the Church as he silently begs for more. And it’s so fucking sinful in the way a statue of Jesus looks down upon them.

*I’m sorry*, George thinks, locking eyes with the pale statue. *I’m so fucking sorry*.

George’s tongue lolls from his mouth as he feels Dream’s spit trailing down over his hole and a large finger circulating the muscle. He pushes back again, only for Dream to pull his hand away from his ass. George whines as Dream chuckles.

“You’re that desperate for my fingers?”

“Yes,” George moans, exasperated, “yes, please Dream. Want them—” there’s a breathy pause, “—want them inside me.”

“Oh, really?” Dream teases the rim of George’s hole with the tip of his middle finger.

George huffs. “I swear to God, Clay. Please just put them inside.

Dream relents, pressing a finger inside, the digit immediately being swallowed up by George’s ass. And it’s such an obscene noise to hear the way George whimpers out brokenly, but it only twists the sadistic need to see George in pain and encourages Dream to press his spit-slicked finger farther inside, sinking to the base. And though Dream craves control and corruption, he lets George adjust to the new feeling, never moving until George presses his hips back against his finger.

George moans from the feverish feeling, skin alighting with perfect flames in the shape of Dream’s name that spreads all over, enveloping his entire being. It *feels* so wrong, so vile and sinful, and maybe George will never get into heaven; but that didn’t matter when it felt like Dream was his personal Jesus.

Dream’s movements seem to pick up, but George couldn’t notice through the hazy cloud of lust that traps his mind, tears him down, and leaves him pliant under Dream’s touch. His thighs are already shaking, barely able to hold himself up anymore, but he does. He does for the sake of

himself and the constant pleasure he receives whenever Dream grazes the tip of his finger against that one spot that threatens to make him yell out curses.

Dream spits again, the warm substance trailing its way between George's ass, slipping inside with every thrust of his fingers, and then there's a second lining up with the muscle. Dream falters his movements, only for a second, just so he can push the second digit past the tightness of George, so he can feel how George tries to clench around the intrusion.

His eyes flicker to the red handprint that's daring to turn a bashful purple. It fills Dream's chest with possessive pride because *he did that*. He made George's delicate skin prickle with a vicious warmth, and he couldn't fucking wait until he has George out of this god-forsaken place; Dream wants to bruise his hips, his throat, wants to make George cry as he begs for more.

Dream curls his fingers, smirking at the way George moans loudly. "Quiet, Georgie. We don't want to be caught, do we?"

*Let them*, George wants to say but nods his head instead.

It's thrilling to think about how anyone could walk through the Church doors and see George leaned over his pew, being mercilessly fucked by two of Dream's fingers. It's *thrilling* to know that, just in the other room, anyone can hear how utterly corrupted he is—moaning out the name of another man—if they tried hard enough.

Dream's fingers are so big. They fill George up so, so well, and drag in all of the right places to make a moan shake from the hollows of his throat. Dream scissors him open, his other hand gripping at the flesh of George's hips, pulling him back against the digits with every thrust. The knot in George's stomach tightens with every prod of his prostate, his cock leaks with pornographic intentions, and his cries of absolute pleasure never relent; he has to bite at his hand to order to muffle the pathetic noises.

George's eyes fall upon the statue again, the statue that judges him for his soiled purity. It judges him for becoming so vulnerable, so pliable. It overflows every emotion with repetitive guilt, letting his sins drop to the alter, leaving him subject to whatever consequences that seem fit. He feels as though he should be punished for this, but the more his body jolts with fireworks of blissful satisfaction, he starts to care less and less.

Dream's grip on George's hip turns bruising, his nails digging into the skin harsh enough to leave moon-like crescents in their wake. Muffled curses fall from George's mouth, tearing his gaze away from the statue as Dream pushes a third finger inside him.

Everything is hot. His nerves are being dragged through molten lava that encompasses the pits of hell; he's being strung out and dried up. His teeth are digging into his hand hard enough to break through the skin and draw blood. Dream is fucking him onto his fingers, whispering sweet praises mixed with sadistic degradation.

"*Clay—*" George gasps, knees threatening to knock against the back of the church pew, "*—'m gonna cum, please.*"

Dream's smirk is evident in his voice. "Yeah, you gonna cum, princess?"

George whines in agreement, the hand that pressed into his hips trailing to his cock, jerking him off with quick movements. The simultaneous pleasure is enough to have George rolling his eyes to the back of his head. His nails dig into the mahogany wood of the pew, and then he's spilling into Dream's hand, coating it with warm cum as the other's name slips from his tongue with a melodic



curse.

Dream doesn't stop there. He continues to thrust three of his fingers into George and drags out the intensity of the orgasm tenfold. Dream drags it out until George begs him to stop, begging him to have some sort of mercy on his shallow mind. And Dream only obliges when George has tears falling from his eyes.

The soft echo of metal and zippers ring out in the walls of the Church. Dream sits down in the pew they're in, tugging George to perch himself on his thighs; it's almost uncomfortable. George can feel the head of something cold and wet prodding at his entrance, and then Dream spits on his ass, coating it with the substance before teasing the tip of his cock inside. George groans, crossing his arms over the back of the pew in front of him as he sinks onto Dream's cock.

Dream snakes a hand around the boy's waist, flattening his palm on George's stomach so he can feel how his cock pokes at the skin once he's entirely in. George moans as he presses down on bulge, his thighs shaking with minor velocity because, fuck, Dream is *huge*, and George quite literally feels like he's being ripped in half. Dream pulls one of George's hands from the pew, letting it fall to his stomach.

"You feel that?" George whimpers in approval. "That's me, sweetheart. That's your God."

Dream moves his hands to dig them into the bone of the boy's hips, rolling his own just to hear how George moans from the movement. His cock is pressing against every fucking inch of George, nudging against his prostate in a way that stimulates with every movement. It's almost ironic that George is losing his virginity in a Church—especially to a man.

George cries out when Dream lifts him up before slamming him back down on his cock. Dream admires how George swallows his cock, admires how it disappears inside, and then reappears once more. He thrusts upwards with ruthless intent until George begins to bounce on Dream's cock at his own accord.

His nerves feel inflamed again; they feel like they're seizing up inside of his body with every harsh press of Dream's cock on his prostate. George is trying oh-so-hard not to be loud, not to moan out with praises of how he loves the way Dream stuffs him full; George doesn't want anyone to see the way he's falling apart under the sadistic male's hands, scared that if they did, they would deem him unholy. And in a way, he already is.

"Who's your god?" Dream growls, gliding a hand up George's back, threading his fingers in brown locks. "Who do you fucking worship?"

George sputters, gripping the back of the church pew. "You— *fuck*— I worship you."

"Good." Dream's hand turns mean, and he forces George to look at the statue of Jesus. "Now let me hear how you moan for your god's cock, you fucking slut."

George whimpers as Dream abruptly whips him around, shoving his face into the pew. He props his foot on the bench, flattening his hand on George's shoulder blades, pushing him down as his hips snap at a vigorous pace. The echo of skin slapping with the slick sound of spit falls into the air of the church. George turns his head to the cushion of the pew, letting it soak up the moans that keep falling out from his mouth.

Dream lives up to the title of being George's god—every thrust feels like George had died and gone to hell. He's crying out Dream's name as he comes again, straining the pew with white. George lets himself be used like a toy that whines as Dream chases his climax. He indulges in the

fire-hot passion of it all—the riskiness, the sin. It eats at him, crawls under his skin, and implants Dream’s name in his blood like it’s the only thing he knows.

Dream spills inside of George with a low moan and the slip of the boy’s name on his tongue. He fucks himself through his orgasm, letting out a breathy chuckle from the way George clenches around him when he goes to pull out. Cum slips out of George’s ass and down the inside of his thighs. Dream catches it on his index finger, drawing George’s head up, and brings it to his mouth, which George eagerly laps it all up. And then Dream is tugging his pants back on without a word.

“What are y-you doing?” George asks with a tiresome lilt, sitting up.

Dream shrugs, stepping past George and out of the pew. “Goin’ home.”

“But why?”

Dream doesn’t answer the question. He just continues to walk down the corridor until he reaches the church’s doors before turning around with a cocky grin on his face. “Text me when you get home,” he says, and then he’s gone.

George looks over to the statue as a tear rolls down his cheek, and this time it’s not because of overwhelming pleasure. He’s left with suffocating guilt that surrounds his emotions, turns him upside down in a way that makes him despise ever living.

He hates God.

## End Notes

dream's a prick in this tbh.

[my twitter](#)

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